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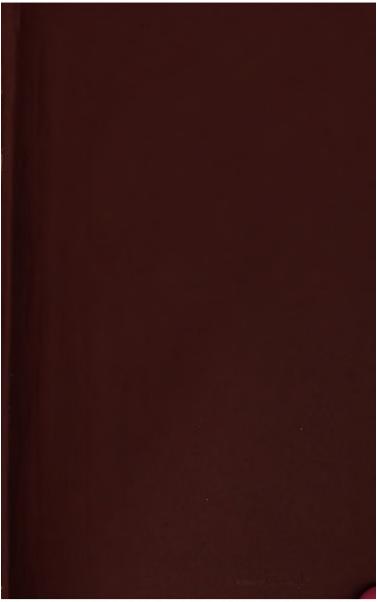
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## GREEN LEAVES

FROM A

### BROKEN BOUGH.

A COLLECTION OF POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

BY THE LATE

# MARY ANN STANNARD,

OF LOWESTOFT.

REVISED AND EDITED BY JAMES SPILLING.

#### LOWESTOFT:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE "EASTERN TIMES" OFFICE.

1870.



### Tady Smith,

ONE OF THE

OLDEST AND MOST ESTEEMED OF THE INHABITANTS OF LOWESTOFT,

THESE POEMS,

THE OUTPOURINGS OF A YOUTHFUL SPIRIT LONG SINCE PASSED AWAY,

ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE MOTHER OF THE AUTHORESS.

#### MEMOIR.

The Authoress of the following poems died on the morning of July 11th, 1839, at the early age of nineteen years. Her manuscripts have been preserved with a tender and melancholy affection by her immediate relatives, who, after the lapse of thirty-one years, have consented to their publication. It is hoped that there will be found in the pieces now printed sufficient merit to render it unnecessary to offer an apology for a few brief facts connected with the life of the authoress.

Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Elisha Stannard, was born at Lowestoft, on April 5th, 1820. She learned to read before she was four years old. At the age of four and a half she was acquainted with nearly all the narratives of the Old and New Testaments. Before she was nine years of age she had read Dryden's Virgil, and one day she astonished her parents by reciting an entire book of the "Æneid," which she had secretly committed to memory. There is no doubt that she began to write verses at the age of ten, which, however, she subsequently burnt. The earliest that she left in manuscript were written at the age of fifteen. Having a great love for teaching, when not

quite seventeen she turned her attention to keeping school, in which employment she continued till the time of her death. After keeping school for rather more than a year it was painfully perceptible that her health and tone of mind were suffering. In June, 1839, her state began to excite the gravest fear. She was induced to leave her school and visit her aunt at Yarmouth. There she consulted Dr. Cox. who had before prescribed for her beneficially. This time, however, he was unable to effect any good. He considered she had overtaxed her powers of mind. She returned to Lowestoft on the 30th of June, and expressed the greatest delight at being once more "at home." The following day she became utterly prostrate, and continued so with little intermission till July 10th, when she regained her wonted mental vigor, and gave expression to some of the sweetest religious hopes and consolations. Calmly and gently she sunk into a state of unconsciousness, and so passed away. This early termination of a life full of the promise of much usefulness, cast a deep shade over the minds of her sorrowing relatives and friends.

August, 1870.

### CONTENTS.

				YGE
AN INQUIRY AFTER HAPPINESS	•••	•••	•••	1
LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM	•••			3
"HERE WE HAVE NO CONTINUING	CITY"	•••	•••	3
THE BMIGRANT'S PAREWELL	•••			4
TO MR. AND MRS. B. BAINES	•••	•••	•••	6
MY HOME	•••			8
EPITAPH ON SOME CHILDREN WHO	DIED TO	UNG	•••	9
THE MOSQUE OF OMAR	•••			10
TO THE RISING MOON	•••	•••	•••	11
THE SAILOR'S EVENING HYMN				13
TO A FRIEND				16
INVOCATION TO MELANCHOLY	•••			18
THEODORE AND ADELIZA	•••			20
TO SILVIA			•••	32
THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER				
THE LIGHTHOUSE			•••	33
A CHILD'S DEATH BED		•••		
RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION				
THOUGHTS BY THE SEA-SIDE				
THE VOICE OF KINDNESS			•••	39
LINES WRITTEN DURING SOME WA				40
LINES WRITTEN ON THE BLANK L				52
A FANCY		•••	•••	52
TO A SAILOR	•••	•••		54
LOVE	•••	•••	•••	56
THE CHOSEN PLOWER	400			57

#### CONTENTS.

						1	•¥G1
THE CHURCHYARD	•••	•••		•••		•••	58
CLARA, OR THE DREAM	τ.		•••	•••			60
SONG OF THE NEGROES	3		•••				66
THE SEA THAT BEATS	ON AL	BION'S	STRAND				68
LADY, WHY THAT MOIS	STENE	D EYE	•••				70
THE STARS		••	•••	•••			71
GREATNESS		•••	•••				78
THE AUTUMN EVENING	٠.						76
THE STREAM OF TIME			•••				79
THE WINTER DAISIES							82
FLOWERS			•••				89
THE WHITE BOSE					•••		85
"FANCY, FAREWELL"							86
FRIENDSHIP							87
MUSINGS							89
"THERE REMAINETH A							90
				01111	. uoi	•	91
		•••	•••	•••		•••	-
HYMN TO THE DEITY	••	•	•••	•••	•••		92

### POEMS.

Pieces written at the age of Fifteen and Sixteen.

## AN INQUIRY AFTER HAPPINESS, AND THE REPLY.

#### THE INQUIRY.

Floating in the sunbeam's ray, Dancing in the blaze of day, Gently flitting, free as air, Tell me, insects, how you share Such unequall'd, pure delight, Bathing in a sea of light. Tell where happiness is found; Let me hear the joyful sound Of true bliss without alloy—Permanent, enduring joy.

Let me hear your pleasant song, Let the breeze the sound prolong; Speak, ye airy tribes, and say, Where is bliss, and show the way!

#### THE REPLY.

Listen, mortal, and thine ear Shall an answer from us hear. Sporting in the sun's bright rays, Happily we pass our days, Not by conscious guilt opprest, Not by racking cares distrest. Untouched by these, unstain'd by sin, We enjoy true peace within. With pitying eye on man we gaze, Man involv'd in evil's maze. Fleeting shadows, trifles vain, Sources of unceasing pain, Earth's delusive, tinsel toys, Empty visionary joys-These employ his grov'lling mind, But bliss in them thou'lt never find. Upward, upward turn thine eye, Look for bliss beyond the sky; Then to its abode aspire, Nor again for it inquire. Now the Gordian knot's untied. To thy question we've replied. See, aloft we soar, we fly! Pressing tow'rd the azure sky.

#### LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

I've seen the op'ning bud expand, With smiling beauties crown'd, Developing its graceful form, And flinging odours round.

I mark'd'the richness of its tints
With half-enchanted eye;
For bright it glow'd with all the hues
That deck the morning sky.

And so, dear child, in thy young mind May lovely virtues bloom; Long may they flourish here below, And live beyond the tomb.

Then no bright flower, however fair, Shall be compared to thee; Then fadeless beauty shall be thine Throughout eternity.

# "HERE WE HAVE NO CONTINUING CITY,

BUT WE SEEK ONE TO COME."

While in the devious paths of life
With anxious steps we roam,
Still may the thought be borne in mind
That this is not our home.

Far from this cheerless vale of woe Our heavenly city lies; In bright celestial realms that stretch Beyond these lower skies.

There shall our weary wanderings end, Our cares and troubles cease; There pain and sorrow shall expire, And grief be hush'd in peace.

#### THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL,

Farewell, farewell, my native land,
My home, my place of birth;
Far, far from thee I now must roam,
In distant parts of earth;
Beyond the wide Atlantic sea,
The tossing western waves,
Where ocean's loudly roaring tide
A coast less charming laves.

Farewell, farewell! thy chalky cliffs
Are lessening on my view,
Blest land of home, abode of peace,
To thee I say adieu.
Thy verdant hills, thy flow'ry plains,
No more shall meet my eye,
I see their distant forms recede,
And heave a parting sigh.

I go to gloomy forest lands, On yonder western shore, Where mighty torrents roll along,
And falling waters roar.

There am I destin'd to reside
Beneath the dark wood's shade,
Where grandeur, gloom, and silence deep
Are fearfully displayed.

Aye, fare thee well, thou much-lov'd isle,
I take my leave of thee,
Thy barrier rocks, thy smiling coasts,
I never more shall see.
Yet when so far away remov'd
In lonely wastes I roam,
My heart a sudden glow shall feel
To hear the name of home.

Yes, at that ever-hallow'd sound
My inmost soul shall thrill,
And rushing thoughts of bygone days
My pensive mind will fill.
Oft when I muse on former scenes,
The briny tear will start;
For England ever shall possess
A place within my heart.

Ye friends, whose kind and cheering words
Have sooth'd my drooping mind,
How does my thrilling bosom bleed,
To leave you all behind.
By stern necessity compell'd
I breathe a sad adieu;
Yet oft, when musing far apart,
My thoughts will dwell on you.

Receding slowly from my sight,
My country disappears;
As swiftly o'er the treacherous main
My barque her voyage steers.
No more my eye shall view the spot
Where all my fathers lie;
My bones will rest in foreign lands
Beneath a foreign sky.

But, hark! the whistling breezes rise,
The deck I now must leave;
You dark Canadian woods full soon
Their tenant will receive.
Then bear me on, ye prosperous winds,
Across the billows' swell.
Oh, Albion! thrice blessed, favor'd isle,
Thou peaceful land, farewell!

# TO MR. AND MRS. B. BAINES ON THEIR MARRIAGE.

Say, shall my pen refuse t' obey
The impulse of affection's sway?
Shall friendship urge and urge in vain,
Shall either hand or pen remain
In silence, when the nuptial hour
Demands the exertion of each power?
Let not my mind such questions ask,
But undertake the pleasing task,
Invoking blessings from above
To crown the joys of wedded love.
You who so lately joined your hands
In wedlock's consecrated bands,

Resolving mutually to share Each other's happiness or care, Alike in heart, in will, and name, Your ends and aims and thoughts the same, Round you may guardian angels stand, Averting with a mighty hand All that would tend to mar your peace, Or cause felicity to cease. May Heaven its choicest favours shed, And pour its blessings on your head; May no adverse event annoy Or interrupt domestic joy; No racking cares your minds oppress, Nor keen anxiety distress; But prospects blooming on your view Impart delight for ever new.

But should afflictive storms arise. Should sorrow o'er your peaceful skies Roll its dense clouds and hide from sight The smallest gleam of cheerful light, Then, when no ray of hope is shed, But sable gloom around is spread, All-conquering love shall smooth the way. And brighten darkness into day. O. wedded love! O, sacred sound! Where'er this lovely virtue's found, Comfort and peace diffused around Attest its influence to impart The sweetest pleasures to each heart. Once more, dear pair, my wishes rise, And supplicate the fav'ring skies, That you may smoothly pass through life, Escaping its tumultuous strife.

And when that period draws near,
Which many view with sickening fear,
When you your task assigned have done,
When life's smooth stream its course has run,
And earthly things their charms resign,
Your setting sun may calmly shine.

#### MY HOME.

Where Britain's furthest eastern shore Defies the foaming surge's roar, Plac'd there above a sea-washed plain, That just emerges from the main, Uprising modestly on high, My native town salutes the eye.

There stands my home, that favored spot By me not soon to be forgot; Oft there beneath the poplar's shade, Free from disturbing cares, I've played, With cheerful mind and heart elate, Regardless of my future fate.

O! much-lov'd spot, each shady tree That near thee grows is dear to me. The verdant ash, the lilac's bloom That spreads around its sweet perfume, Each smiling flower that there appears Reminds me of my childhood's years.

Oft seated on the green cliff's brow, I've mused upon the scene below, Or wander'd o'er the lonely heath, Or stray'd across the plain beneath, When lightly sporting blithe and gay, I dreamed not of a darker day.

Full oft from care and sadness free I've wandered by the mighty sea, Have roam'd along the wave-beat shore, And listened to the billows' roar, As dashing on the pebbly strand, Or idly breaking on the sand.

There many a tranquil hour I've spent, Musing on ocean's vast extent, Or watching with attentive eye Some gallant vessel passing by, Sooth'd by the murmur of the sea, And wrapt in fancy's reverie.

Home of my youth, tho' I may be Removed by fate afar from thee; Though in remotest lands I rove, Yet distance never will remove, Nor in the least degree efface, The memory of my native place.

#### **EPITAPH**

ON SOME CHILDREN (SISTERS OF THE WRITER) WHO DIED YOUNG.

Hast thou not seen spring's op'ning flowers When fostered by her genial showers? Hast thou not seen them bloom awhile And grac'd with beauty's softest smile, Then, struck by frost, or parching blight, Their wither'd forms have met thy sight?

'Twas in my childhood's early prime
These innocents first bloom'd atime;
They both were beauteous to the view,
But, ah! their charms were transient too.
Death, like the cutting northern blast,
With sweeping fury o'er them past,
And bade both life and beauty fly;
Now in the dust behold they lie!

#### THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

The Mosque of Omar proudly stands On Mount Moriah's barren sands; Its gilded crescent meets the eye, Its stately dome aspires on high, Rais'd on the consecrated spot, By Abram's children ne'er forgot.

The Mosque of Omar, view it there! And who while gazing can forbear To breathe to Heaven an ardent prayer, That the false prophet's sign may fall, That God his people may recall, May all his promises fulfil, And Israel place on Sion's hill.

Then, oh! proud mosque, thy pile shall sink, Thy grandeur into nothing shrink; Jerusalem shall raise her head, Resplendent glories round her shed. No longer sitting on the ground, But with the wreath of triumph crown'd; And by her great Messiah blest, With smiling peace and endless rest.

O! happy period, joyful day,
Let not thy coming long delay,
When Israel's scatter'd outcast race,
Shall find their ancient dwelling-place.
When all their wand'rings shall be o'er,
And their lost tribes shall roam no more.
When echoing to the vaulted skies,
This tributary song shall rise,
"Redeemer reign! by us ador'd,
Our Sovereign, our Almighty Lord,
We hail thee as our gracious King,
Accept the homage that we bring."

#### TO THE RISING MOON.

Sweet orb, I love to see thee rise, Serenely in the orient skies, From thy bright and glittering car, Flinging streams of light afar, Lifting on high thy shining brow, To cheer this gloomy world below.

Thy trembling beams are mildly shed,
And tip with light each mountain's head.
The lofty rock, the ivied tower,
The ancient wood, the shady bower;
All lately hid in mists of night,
Now gladly catch the welcome light.
Earth and her sons are wrapp'd in sleep,
And softly sighs the murm'ring deep,
And on its ever-heaving breast,
Thy lovely image is imprest.
Each foamy billow curling round,
With fleeting radiance is crown'd;

One tremulous expanse of light,
Attracts and charms the raptured sight.
Its streaming flood the landscape laves,
And gilds the spray that crests the waves;
And when aloft in air 'tis whirl'd,
Reflects the surge on which it curl'd.
O'er the broad surface of the sea
Thy bright beams wander wild and free;
Around they pour their silv'ry light,
And cheer the ebon reign of night.
All hail! all hail! thou pale-eyed queen,
Fair charmer of the midnight scene.

Sitting upon thy star-girt throne. Again I hail thee, lovely moon. Enchanting beauty, smiling grace, Combine to deck thy virgin face; With fix'd regard and watchful eye I see thee climb the eastern sky. I see thee in thy glorious car Eclipsing every twinkling star, Dispersing lustre all along, And welcom'd by the night bird's song. Thy beams adorn the blossom'd bowers. Where Flora plants her choicest flowers. On whose bent stalks and leaflets green The soft dew falls unheard, unseen. Ah! who that now beholds thee shine. Will say that less than power divine Can give thy wondrous beauty birth. Companion of the rolling earth? When on thy star-encircl'd throne, Thou com'st to rule night's ebon noon. "Tis then I much delight to trace

Thy Maker's hand in thy pale face. 'Twas His strong arm that fix'd thee near This moving ball, this earthly sphere; Tis He who, soon as daylight dies, Hangs out thy lamp in yonder skies. Throughout the silent midnight hour Thou dost attest His matchless power. Thy voice extends both wide and far. And reaches every distant star: You rolling spheres the notes prolong, And Heaven's wide arch returns the song. Earth's nearer orb the sound receives. And nightly listens and believes. Far as thy widespread beams extend May all her prostrate children bend, In humble reverence at His feet Who gave thee you celestial seat; His name adore, His wisdom praise, Whose hand the whole creation sways, And in thy spotless image see An emblem of His purity.



Pieces written at the age of Seventeen.

#### THE SAILOR'S EVENING HYMN.

Now the setting sun declines, Sinking in the western sky; Now the swelling surges roar, And the murm'ring breezes sigh. Father, God of sea and land, Condescend to be my stay, O'er the dark and stormy main O guide my lonely way.

Now the dusky shades of eve Enwrap the scene around, And the dim beclouded skies The gloomy landscape bound. Great Creator, Sovereign Lord, I lift my heart to Thee; Guard me by Thy mighty power From perils of the sea.

Thoughtfully I stand and view
The ocean and the sky;
One monotonous expanse
Is all that meets my eye;
Whistling in the sails aloft
The breezy night winds play,
And across the murm'ring deep
A thousand zephyrs stray.

Thou whose mighty hand doth guide
All yon starry train,
Guide me in the course I take
Across the trackless main.
Back to my beloved home,
Again direct my feet,
There in peace and health once more,
My friends I hope to meet.

Now perhaps their anxious thoughts Are fondly turned to me; For my welfare now, perhaps,
They're supplicating Thee.
Harken to their warm requests,
O! God of truth and love,
And let their earnest, heartfelt prayers
Be register'd above.

From the perils of the night,
From danger's trying hour,
From all known and unknown ills,
Protect me by Thy power.
Condescend, Almighty Lord,
Thy creature to befriend;
Point my way, direct my course,
And all my steps attend,

Denser gloom now veils the scene,
And darkly frowns the sky;
Hollow winds and rising waves
Portend a tempest nigh.
Hoarsely wails the troubled deep,
And clouds of foamy spray,
Glitt'ring through the misty gloom,
Above the billows' play.

Saviour, should this night become
A fatal night to me,
And an unknown watery grave
My speedy portion be;
When I'm called to part with life,
And yield my fleeting breath,
In Thy strength may I exult,
And triumph over death.

## TO A FRIEND.

Calm is the tranquil cooling hour, When daylight dies away, When Sol across the horizon shoots His last expiring ray.

There's softness in the balmy air, And music in the grove, Where the lone night bird wakes her song Of melody and love.

Oh! 'tis a sweet enchanting time, It bids my musing mind, On fancy's pinions soar aloft, And leave the world behind.

At such a time my spirit shares The converse of the dead; In thought o'er distant savage climes, Or fairy lands I tread.

Yet midst this wild romantic dream. This mental reverie. A sudden thought thrills through my soul, It is, my friend, for thee.

Permit these unpretending lines, That rising thought to trace, And thus reveal the fervent wish That in my heart has place.

Awhile let fancy sway my soul, And lift her magic wand; Let visionary scenes of bliss Be pictured by her hand.

The wish I feel is not that wealth Or splendor be thy fate, Nor that thy future lot be east Amongst the rich or great.

No wealth can e'er impart that peace That from contentment flows; There's happiness in humble life, Which fortune ne'er bestows.

Yet should it be thy destin'd lot In grandeur's ranks to shine, A haughty glance will ne'er escape From eyes so mild as thine.

But this I wish—that health and peace To thee be largely given, And long and richly may'st thou share, The bounteous care of Heaven.

A modest mansion neat and trim, A home from sadness free— These be the valu'd gifts bestow'd By Providence on thee.

There may domestic joys be found,
And sweet content reside,
And love with downy pinion spread
Shall ever there abide.

The gentle zephyr murm'ring near Shall breathe in whispers low, And never may its voice repeat The plaintive tale of woe.

The lambent flame of Hymen's torch Around shall shed its rays, And brightly may it cheer thy path By its resplendent blaze.

Long may these sweet, these calm delights Be amply proved by thee, Till the fast-flowing stream of time Merge in eternity.

#### INVOCATION TO MELANCHOLY.

#### WRITTEN DURING A TIME OF MENTAL DEJECTION.

Come, Melancholy, pensive maid, Enwrap me in thy densest shade; Thine influence on my spirit shed, And wave thy sceptre o'er my head; Come, welcome, to my aching breast, And there abide a constant guest.

Come, musing nymph, in sable clad, With down-cast eye and visage sad; Forsake awhile the lonely cave, The vault, the tomb, the silent grave; Come, rob'd in midnight's ebon gloom, And make my swelling breast thy home. Far hence let giddy Folly flee, Reflective nymph, I'll dwell with thee; With Contemplation—silent power— That loves the tranquil midnight hour; Whose deeply meditative eye, From earth averted, seeks the sky.

Let sober Sadness sway my heart, And bid unthinking Mirth depart; The lonely churchyard path I'll tread, Amongst the dwellings of the dead; For bliss on earth nowhere is found, While grief and woe are spread around.

O Solitude! secluded maid, In dark oblivion's robes array'd; Romantic nymph, whose wan'dring feet Far from the haunts of men retreat; In silent shades I'll dwell with thee, And from the gaze of mortals flee.

Like some vast desert, rude and wild, Where ne'er a blushing flow'ret smil'd; A cheerless waste, a vale of tears, This lower earth to me appears; To the vain joys it brings to view, I breathe an unreserv'd "Adieu."

Come, then, O Melancholy, come, My throbbing heart shall make thee room; Be thou companion of my way, As through life's winding maze I stray, With cypress garland bind my brow, And guide me through this land of woe.

#### THEODORE AND ADELIZA.

"And must thou go where War and Death Their fearful watches keep, And leave thy Adeliza here To sit alone and weep?

"Art thou, indeed, compelled to tread The fatal Eastern field, Where oft the Saracenic sword Has cleft the Christian shield?

"Ah, how shall my desponding mind These parting pangs sustain? Oh, Theodore, my heart forbodes We ne'er shall meet again."

Thus spake the gentle blushing maid,
While tears bedew'd her face—
A face by Beauty's hand adorn'd
With every smiling grace.

The lustre of the vernal rose
Glowed on her damask cheek,
And from her dark-blue eyes there shone
A soul serenely meek.

Her flowing ringlets half displayed, Half hid her neck of snow, While winning loveliness adern'd Her mild and open brow. The noble youth who by her stood,
A martial aspect bore,
The sacred Cross his shoulder graced,
And polished arms he wore.

His visor rais'd, exposed to view His fair and manly face, And there a penetrating eye. Might love's emotions trace.

For long his youthful heart had felt Its soft and tender flame, And long his soul had learnt to thrill At Adeliza's name.

Her peerless beauty caught his view, One tranquil eventide, When wand ring, pensive and alone, He stray'd by Humber's side,

He late returning from the chase, Beheld the beauteous maid, And gazed with rapture on the charms Her lovely form display'd.

Soft as the gently murn'ring voice Of summer's evening gale, He whispered in her list'ning ear Affection's thrilling tale.

A mutual passion quickly glow'd In each love-stricken heart, And both awhile in secret prov'd The bliss it could impart. But, ah! what bliss can long endure, When Fortune proves a foe, These pleasures only led the way To anguish and to woe.

His haughty sire, whose narrow soul No generous feelings mov'd; Soon as he marked their ardent love, With anger disapprov'd.

The hallow'd joys affection gives,
To him were but a name,
He sternly chid the enamor'd youth,
And bade him quench its flame.

But sooner might the star of eve Through heav'n forget to move, Than Theodore's warm heart forsake The object of his love.

Enrag'd, the angry Baron found His threats were spent in vain, Parental frowns and stern rebukes His object could not gain.

'Twas now the banner of the Cross
Was waving through the land,
And round its sacred standard flock'd
A brave and noble band.

Conducted by their warrior king,
This high distinguished train
Was soon to leave the English shore
For Syria's burning plain,

The proud old chief imagin'd now
That absence might remove,
Though keen reproach had failed to quench,
The ardent flame of love.

With frowning brow he bade his son For battle scenes prepare, In Cœur-de-Lion's valiant ranks The sacred Cross to wear.

"Go, mad rebellious youth," he cried,
"And on that gory plain
Remember that thy parent's words
Were never spoke in vain."

Such was the sad, the stern decree
That tingled in his ear;
And now the keen heart-rending time,
The parting hour, drew near.

Close where thy stream, fair Humber, rolls, Edg'd by a verdant wood, Where first they met each other's gaze, The weeping lovers stood.

Far to the right, with lofty pride,
The stately castle rose,
Young Theodore's sad cheerless home,
And birth-place of his woes.

Scarce had the glowing orb of day Forsook his ocean bed, And scarcely yet his rosy beams Were on its turrets shed. Along the dim horizon gleam'd
The kindlings of the dawn;
The linnet tuned its cheerful song,
And hailed the approach of morn.

But not the beauty of this scene, So tranquil and so fair, Could dissipate the lovers' grief, Or soothe their anxious care.

In Theodore's afflicted heart
There thrill'd a mental pain,
As Adeliza spoke the words,
"We ne'er shall meet again."

Foreboding fears of future woe Shot through his troubled soul; And all his wonted firmness fail'd These feelings to control.

Yet struggling with the heavy grief
That weighed upon his heart:
"Tis true, my love! too true," he cried,
"I must from thee depart.

"To you thrice-hallowed shores, I go, The ills of war to brave; With death and danger to contend Beyond the swelling wave.

"Yet not the battle-field I dread, Or shrink at war's alarms; From earliest youth I loved the sound, The clanging din of arms;

- "The trumpet's spirit-stirring note, Gives pleasure to my ear; The dangers of the martial plain, My soul disdains to fear.
- "Oh, Adeliza! 'tis for thee, My throbbing bosom heaves; For thee my aching heart is sad, My love-torn spirit grieves.
- "Could envious fate repine to see, The sweet serene delight That kindled in our rising souls, When in each other's sight.
- "Too lightly fled the hours away,
  Too rapturous was our joy;
  Too pure our bliss to long remain
  Untainted with alloy.
- "Yet midst the thund'ring clash of arms, When horror stalks around; When war's dread uproar rends the air, And shakes the solid ground.
- "E'en then thy well-remembered form, Shall rise before my sight; Fair as some native of the sky, Enrobed in beams of light.
- "Thy image from my pulsing heart Shall never be erased, Nor ever lost those brilliant lines Which love so deeply traced.

"At home or in a foreign land,
To thee I am the same;
My heart for thee shall ever burn
With love's serenest flame.

"Like some tall rock whose marble sides Repel the waves unmov'd; As firm, unchangeable, and fix'd, My passion shall be proved.

"But lo! the mounting sun is up, The lark sings high in air; My brave esquire in yonder wood Awaits my presence there.

"Farewell, thou darling of my heart, More would I gladly say; But fortune's voice imperious calls, And bids me haste away."

He paused unable to restrain
The workings of his breast;
For keenest sorrow pierced his soul,
And on his spirit prest.

Stooping, he kissed her moisten'd cheek, No longer could he stay, And soon upon his gallant steed, He swiftly rode away.

Grief-struck the speechless maiden stood,
And o'er her gentle soul,
A consciousness of woes to come,
A sense of anguish stole.

Scarce could her trembling footsteps reach Her still sequest'red bower, Where pensive and alone she spent Full many an anxious hour.

Time fled, but joyless was each day And sad each cheerless night, Since Theodore's heroic form No longer met her sight.

The rose upon her cheek grew pale,
The lily whiter still;
And melancholy o'er her soul
Diffus'd its deadly chill.

One festal eve, with mirthful songs Her father's mansion rung; The voice of joy around was heard, And dwelt on every tongue.

With Plenty's most abundant store, The spacious hall was crown'd; And oft replete with Gascon wine, The brimming cup pass'd round.

Amidst the train a minstrel bard In simple vest array'd, To cheer still more the joyous scene His wondrous skill display'd.

From northern climes he drew his birth,
Those lands for song renowned,
And often had his aged brow
With Honour's wreath been crown'd.

O'er Judean plains his steps had roam'd, In Cœur-de-Lion's train; And oft the monarch felt and own'd His soul-inspiring strain.

The boist'rous voice of mirth was still'd When with a poet's fire He raised the spirit-thrilling song And struck the throbbing lyre.

Of Palestine's embattled fields,
And sunburnt coasts he sung;
Where late the thund'ring shouts of war,
From steep to steep had rung.

The wondrous tale of Paynim hosts Conspir'd to swell the lay; Their turban'd chiefs, their emirs tall, And all their dread array.

In lofty strains the song arose,
And charm'd each list'ning ear;
And now it set their souls on fire,
And now drew forth a tear.

The deeds of England's matchless king Were next in order sung; His prowess, courage, and renown, Inspired the minstrel's tongue.

Nor was the meed of praise denied, O Saladin, to thee; Illustrious caliph, fear'd and own'd From Bagdad to the sea. But when the scene at Ascalon Was plac'd before their view, When with poetic skill the bard Its speaking picture drew,

The speechless guests by turns enwrapt In wonder and delight, Saw stretch'd before their fancy's eye The horrors of the fight.

The steel-sheath'd followers of the Cross, The Crescent's light arm'd train, In battle join'd their num'rous ranks On that tremendous plain.

Before the squadrons of the west
The Moslem host was driv'n,
Like autumn leaves by fierce winds borne
Beneath the expanse of Heav'n.

But soon these high-swell'd martial sounds To softer notes gave way, When in pathetic tones the bard Attun'd a mournful lay.

"One youthful knight amidst the train
That trod that blood-stain'd field,
With matchless strength maintain'd the fight
And bade the Paynims yield.

"Before the terrors of his sword, Their proud battalions fled; And by its widely sweeping blade Full many a Moslem bled. "When, lo! a sharply whizzing lance Sent from an Eastern hand, Through shield and corslet reach'd his heart, And stretch'd him on the sand.

"He fell as falls the youthful oak," Thus ran the solemn strain. "Which crown'd with verdant honor seem'd O'er all the wood to reign.

"Awhile it rear'd its lofty head, And roaring storms defied; When suddenly the blow was struck, That withered all its pride.

"And on that bloody Eastern field His body finds a grave; And still above his narrow tomb His helm and buckler wave.

"Long shall the rolls of knightly fame Attest his well-earn'd praise; And long his high exploits shall swell The poet's tuneful lays."

But wild and dreadful was the shock On Adeliza's frame. When as he clos'd the song, the bard Pronounced her lover's name.

Receding from her quivering cheek, The crimson current fled; And in its place there coldly sat The paleness of the dead.

Her dark brown ringlets darker seem'd,
As o'er her marble brow
They stray'd, half shading those bright eyes
Where love was wont to glow.

The sad expression of her face, Her mental anguish show'd; Yet not a sound escap'd her lips, And not a tear drop flow'd.

O'ercome by feelings so intense, She sunk upon the floor; "My Theodore," was all she said, And sighing, breath'd no more.

Pale horror sat on every face,
And chill'd each anxious breast;
To mark the icy hand of Death
On that fair form imprest.

Yet lovely was the beauteous clay, And seemed in death to smile; Thus the young rose untimely cropt, Retains its charms awhile.

In sad and solemn form convey'd Beneath the Gothic dome, Her cold remains were slowly laid Within the narrow tomb.

Above that spot the strains of woe Arose from every tongue; But sweeter was the mournful dirge The northern minstrel sung.

# TO SYLVIA.

OZ,11 =-

The falling leaf and fading flower Proclaim the reign of winter near; And time is quickly hast'ning on To end the almost finished year.

O Sylvia, let the solemn thought Be deeply on your mind imprest; Time's rapid flight conducts you on To lasting woe or endless rest.

More speedy than the Parthian dart
The swiftly flying moments haste;
Now they are here; one instant more,
And, lo! they are for ever past.

They're gone, perhaps to Heaven's dread court
Their urgent rapid flight is bent;
There to give up the just account,
Of how improved, or how mispent.

Astounding thought! Sylvia, reflect On this important solemn truth; Neglect not to improve your hours, And gather wisdom in your youth.

Those orbs that stud night's solemn arch,
And every planetary world,
Shall be enwrapt in circling flames,
And from their shining spheres be hurl'd.

But you possess a deathless soul,
Which shall ascend above them all;
Shall outlive yonder rolling suns,
And firm shall stand when worlds shall fall.

# THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

Summer, summer, thou art past, Fiercely howls the wint'ry blast, Verdure from the plain is fled, Trees are bare, and flowers are dead.

Summer, thy bright reign is o'er, Thou dost scorch the earth no more By thy sun's oppressive blaze, By his fierce and pointed rays.

Summer, queen of mirth and ease, Where is now thy balmy breeze? Where thy landscapes brightly green? Where thy flowers and skies serene?

Hear, O man, this mighty truth, Thus the flowery time of youth Shall fly o'er thy giddy head, Gone before thou know'st 'tis fled.

# THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The night was dark, the loud wind roar'd, Clouds overcast the sky, No star was seen, and Cynthia's light Was hidden from the eye.

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But from an elevated spot
The lighthouse shed its rays:
It cheer'd the darkness of the scene
By its resplendent blaze.

Its splendour was serenely thrown O'er ocean's swelling tide, And high it rear'd its glowing head, The sailor's flaming guide.

I view'd it, and, whilst gazing, thought
I had a beacon too:
A guide that never would mislead
While kept within my view.

The sacred written Word of God, By its unerring light, Instructs me, when dark clouds arise, To steer my course aright.

O may it be my constant aim
To follow its bright ray;
Then, though in thickest mists involv'd,
How clear will be my way!

# A CHILD'S DEATH-BED.

The subject of the following lines was a sister of the writer, who died young. Just before her death, she repeated the concluding lines of the hymn she had been accustomed to recite when in health:—

"Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more." As sinks a taper's dying light,
So quivered Life's expiring flame,
For Death's cold hand, with icy power,
Had rested on her trembling frame.
The silver cord was loos'ning fast,
Each faint pulsation seem'd the last,
The while in every swelling vein,
There throbb'd the cruel shafts of pain.

Yet though a cold and clammy sweat
Upon her marble temples stood,
And though the frigid power of death
Had froze her fast-congealing blood;
In that afflictive painful hour
Her soul defied the Tyrant's power,
Smil'd in his face with joy serene,
And looked beyond this gloomy scene.

And still, methinks, her dying words,
Vibrating softly in my ear,
Declare how keen and clear she saw
Eternal life and raptures near.
Though Life's weak powers were all unstrung,
Her Maker's love employ'd her tongue,
And sinking in the arms of Death
She praised Him with her latest breath.

And soon, by seraph bands attended,
Through the untrack'd realms of space,
Her liberated spirit reach'd
Its everlasting resting-place.
And, chanted to celestial lays,
High rose the swelling notes of praise,
To Him whose grace and boundless love
Astounds the wondering hosts above.

Oh, when this beating heart grows faint,
And when these mortal powers decay,
May that same train be waiting near,
My parting spirit to convey
To you bright world where now she sings,
And strikes a harp with golden strings,
In pure enjoyment there to spend
A day whose hours shall never end.

#### ~

Pieces written at the age of Eighteen.

# RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION.

Suggested by hearing a Sermon on the subject by the Rev. J. Rogers, Independent minister, Lowestoft, 1838.

The sage descants on learned themes,
And philosophic lore;
His words declare how human art
Doth realms of space explore.
The warrior speaks of martial deeds,
Of arms and tented plains,
Of blood-stain'd fields and blazing towns,
Of marches and campaigns.
The storm-beat sailor bluntly tells
The perils of the deep,
When vengeful tempests wild and fierce
Across its surface sweep.

These themes may bid the bosom thrill With wonder and delight, As all the scenes that each pourtrays, Appear in fancy's sight, But higher feelings warm the heart,
Inspiring faith and love,
To hear the followers of the Cross
Discourse on things above.
Each is as a sunbeam's ray,
Dispensing light around;
And all the charms of sacred truth
Are in their converse found.

Those swift-winged messengers of light,
The heralds of the sky,
Who daily guard the Christian's path,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Delight to hover o'er the spot
And bend a list'ning ear,
The praises of their Heavenly King
From human tongues to hear.
Full well they know when first to man
The power of speech was given,
God meant it as a golden chain,
Connecting earth with heaven.

Or as the Patriarchal saint
Beheld, with awe-struck eye,
A ladder vast whose lofty top
Was hidden in the sky,
By which descending angels came
From yonder realms above,
Man's fallen race to guard and bless,
And show their Maker's love—
E'en so the Christian's converse joins
The heavenly world with this;
'Tis thus he treads the starry plains
Of everlasting bliss.

Not all the themes that science boasts,
With learning's stores combined,
Can so exalt the human soul
Or benefit the mind.
Though proud philosophers may pour
Reproach, contempt, and shame
On those who tread the road to bliss,
And bear the Saviour's name,
Yet were they but in converse joined
On things that dwell above,
Where learning failed, there faith would soar,
And reach the throne of love.

# THOUGHTS BY THE SEA SIDE.

I stood by the ocean, the waves seemed asleep, And smooth as a mirror appeared the wide deep, The zephyr blew softly and lulled it to rest, And scarcely a ripple was seen on its breast.

Like a monarch in slumber reclining his head, The vast world of waters reposed in its bed, And calmly reflected the heavenly dye, That tinged with its glory the arch of the sky.

I thought as I viewed its unruffled extent, That surely the stores of its fury were spent, And scarce could believe, were a storm to arise, Its billows would mingle their foam with the skies.

But equally smooth, and illusory too, Are the scenes that this world can present to our view; Though fair and enticing its prospects appear, Yet woe, disappointment, and sorrow are near. Its specious outside seems shining and bright And the youthful and gay are misled by the sight, Their hearts, ever thoughtless, allured and deceived, The cautions of wisdom are all disbelieved.

But too soon does the tempest of sorrow arise, And the dark clouds of care roll on through the skies, O'erwhelm'd with dismay they repine at their fate, And the fatal mistake is discovered too late.

Oh ye, just beginning to tread the same path, Beware of the flattering delusions of earth, Though now from all trouble ye seem to be free, And life appears smooth as a calm summer sea.

Yet bear ye in mind that 'tis merely a show, For substantial delight is not met with below; True bliss is a plant that exists in the skies, Where its bloom never fades and its leaf never dies.

# THE VOICE OF KINDNESS.

Sweet is the carol of the lark
At early peep of day,
And sweetly sounds in copse and grove
The blackbird's mellow lay.
The rustling of the vernal leaves,
The murmurs of the sea,
The fountain's fall, the zephyr's voice,
They all are sweet to me.

Yet there's a sound that meets my ear
That's sweeter far than these;
It comes not from the lonely wood,
It floats not on the breeze.

The voice of kindness mildly breaks
From friendship's soothing tongue,
More pleasing than the sweetest strain
By ancient minstrels sung.

Its accents gently greet the ear,
Like music from above,
And bid the swelling soul o'erflow
With gratitude and love.
Those spells that bind the heart to home
Are strengthen'd by its sound,
Its cheerful tones console distress,
And scatter joys around.

The voice of mirth, the voice of praise,
And pleasure's tempting strain,
Although awhile they charm the ear,
Yet bring eventual pain.
The voice of kindness let me hear,
And when opprest with grief,
Its silvery sound shall sooth my woes,
And give my soul relief.

# LINES WRITTEN DURING SOME WALKING EXCURSIONS FOR THE BENEFIT OF MY HEALTH.

Not in the busy haunts of men,
Amid the hum of life,
Not in the city's crowded walks,
In scenes of noise and strife,
I seek thee, Health; thy quiet steps
To milder paths retreat;

The open plain, the heath-clad hill
Attract thy wand'ring feet.
Or in the rural shade
Of some sequester'd grove,
Where only nature's voice is heard,
O, nymph, thou lov'st to rove.

Come, then, fair maid, whose damask cheeks
Eclipse the rose in May,
Whose sparkling eye, serenely bright,
Outshines the diamond's ray.
Thy head with flow'ry garlands deck'd,
Come, be my guide, my steps direct.
Along the public road I stray,
Where shelt'ring hedgerows skirt my way.
Fresh blows the cheerful breeze,
I feel its bracing power,
Its whispers tell of Spring's approach,
And hail the vernal hour.

Thy stormy gales, tempestuous March,
Conclude old Winter's reign;
No longer in his snowy car
He drives along the plain.
To icy realms where lasting snow
Enwraps each tow'ring mountain's brow,
The shivering tyrant flies:
While nature triumphs at his flight
And bids new scenes of rich delight
Adorn the earth and skies.
The hills, the valleys smile,
The blooming fields look green,
And peeping flowers come slowly forth
To deck the alter'd scene.

The silver streamlet now releas'd
From Winter's marble chain,
Again pursues its gentle course
Meand'ring through the plain.
Fresh o'er the cheerful scene,
The whistling zephyr sings,
And vernal airs of soft delight
Are wafted on his wings.
The rich blue skies present
An aspect clear and bright,
And joyous sunshine spread around
Inspires increased delight.

Thy hand, sweet Spring, has bade yon fields
Assume an emerald hue;
The grassy blade just issuing forth
Now ventures into view.
I love the fields, their gentle charms
Shall tempt me hence away,
Along their still, sequestered paths
My wand'ring steps shall stray.
To yonder stile I turn
To snatch the offered treat,
And roam where soft seclusion finds
A calm and sweet retreat.

O Nature, much I love thy scenes,
And much thy pleasing voice;
But most I love thee when young Spring
Bids all the realms rejoice.
"Tis Spring that o'er these fields has thrown
A tint of lively green,
"Tis her whose hand, with magic power,
Adorns this charming scene.

'Tis Spring, O Nature, bids thee smile
Throughout thy wide domains,
O'er earth diffuses rich delight,
And cheers the lab'ring swains.
From southern climes she comes,
In light-green vest arrayed;
And Flora, gaily tripping near,
Attends the lovely maid.

The charms that Nature brings to view "Are ever pleasing, ever new." The works of Art, though bright they shine. Though splendor, pomp, and wealth combine To swell the gorgeous train: Yet from them all I'd turn aside To view the rural landscape's pride. The beauties of the plain. There's not a plant, a flower, a tree, But speaks in moral strains to me: Conveys some lesson to my heart, Or some instruction can impart. But here, where clust'ring beauties join To charm the ravished sight, Shall not my heart high rapture feel. And taste unmixed delight? Placed on this hillock's grassy mound, My wand'ring eye shall stray, And trace the prospect as it lies, And mark its fair array.

How rich the prospect now appears,
How lovely and serene—
The earth and sky, the distant town,
The rolling deep are seen;

The lowly cot, the village church,
The grove, the verdant mead;
The ancient mansion's stately pride,
The flocks that yonder feed;
The open plain, the sloping hill,
In sweet confusion blend,
And far as human ken can reach
Their varied charms extend.
The clear blue skies above my head,
Their broad, unclouded arch outspread,
In beaming smiles arrayed;
A sapphire canopy of light,
With joyous sunshine richly bright,
By Nature's hand displayed.

Yonder I see, soft stealing on, Fair Lothing's\* silver pride, How calmly through the grassy mead, Its gentle waters glide. Sweet placid stream, unknown, unsung, Save in this lowly strain, I love to mark thy quiet course Along the verdant plain. The gay green fields, the level lawn, And shady grove thy banks adorn, Where the young linnet sweetly sings, And fearless plumes his new fledg'd wings; The busy swallow darts along, Pursuing fierce the insect throng, That o'er thy rippling surface play, And catch the golden blaze of day.

<sup>\*</sup> The appearance of Lothing has been to some extent altered since these lines were written.

No ruffling breezes discompose Thy water's deep serene repose, No sound is heard, no dashing roar, As thy fleet wavelets kiss the shore.

O! gentle Lothing, though thy name Stands not upon the lists of fame. Though no old castle's high renown Thy modest banks with splendor crown. And though no bard's poetic tongue Thy simple praise in verse has sung. Yet those strong spells, whose magic sway Forbids the heart from home to stray. Whose power is felt in ev'ry breast, Thy scenes with brightest charms invest: And long as Memory's power remains, And o'er my mind its sway maintains, While thought and reason still are free. My soul will fondly cling to thee. Though far away my lot be cast, Thy sweet remembrance to the last Shall dwell within my heart. 'Grav'd on the tablet of my mind. Thy much lov'd name its place shall find, Nor shall it thence depart.

O Lowestoft! O my native town!
With raptured eye I gaze on thee,
From thy high station looking down
On yonder rough Germanic sea.
The foaming surges' angry roar,
The murmurs of the restless main,
As loudly sounding on the shore,
Yet seem to own thy lofty reign.

For like a queen upon the wave, Thou frown'st from yonder steep cliff's brow; And ocean, as thy servile slave, Obsequious rolls his pride below. Embosom'd in surrounding green, Thy buildings greet the sailor's eve: As gazing on the watery scene. He strives the distant land to spy. Like some tall nymph, who watch doth keep Above the dark and stormy deep, And through the ebon gloom of night, Flings o'er the sea her beacon light. Thy lighthouse blazes from afar. As bright as Hope's directing star, A watch tower on the ocean tide. The sailor's mark, the sailor's guide.

Thrice hail! thrice hail! my place of birth!

To me the dearest spot on earth,

Where all my childhood's days were spent,

Those transient hours of pure delight,

When each gay morning came and went

With scenes of pleasure richly bright.

Oft through thy meads my feet have rov'd

With blithesome step and cheerful heart,

And all a child's delight have prov'd,

Nor thought those days would ere depart.

But, ah! the rapid flight of time

Long since has swept those joys away,

No longer can I call them mine,

No longer feel their genial sway.

With deep and fond emotion still,

My wand'ring eye these scenes surveys;

It bids my inmost spirit thrill, To muse upon those halcyon days. You narrow lane, you verdant field, Recall their bye-gone hours to mind, When ev'ry scene could rapture yield, And care and grief were cast behind. E'en then my rising bosom felt What boundless charms in Nature dwelt: And oft has mark'd with deep delight. Her beauties opining on the sight. Through vonder meads my steps have stray'd, To pluck the cowslip's golden pride, Or wander in the flow'ry shade Where moss abounds and streamlets glide. No thorn was hid beneath the rose, My pleasure's progress to arrest; Nor did the thought of future woes, Intrude upon my youthful breast. Sweet days of bliss! I mourn your flight, For as the dreams of morning die, Soon as the golden orb of light, Pours his bright beams upon the eye. Ye fled, ere my unthinking mind Could value well your simple joys; Alas! what bliss I now can find, The venom'd hand of care alloys.

Hark! what shrill strain from yonder farm
Salutes my startled ear,
The warning cock his clarion sounds,
And 'tis its notes I hear.
At morn, at noon, his voice is heard,
And when declining day,
On the horizon's furthest verge,

In glory sinks away, It echoes over field and lawn. And bids the weary swain Forsake his toil, and homeward bend His plodding steps again. Louder it swells, and bids my mind Suspend its reverie: And from the spells by Fancy wove It sets my spirit free. My thoughts as from a trance awake, And o'er the verdant plain, Again my eye discursive roves Nor seeks for charms in vain. The daisied meadow's flowery pride Displays its beauties by my side, And blossom'd hedges brightly green Along the distant view are seen. From cottage chimney rising high, The curling smoke salutes the eye In mingled wreaths of vapoury blue, Which soon dispersing fade from view. Fit emblem of the scenes of Life, Its empty shows and noisy strife; Like smoke the fleeting phantoms die, And vanish from the startled eye.

The tinkling sheep-bells' gentle sound Is heard from yonder pasture ground. Of rural scenes it seems to tell, Where peace and sweet contentment dwell. From hedge and grove the mellow song Of feather'd warblers steals along. The tuneful lay ascends above In mingled strains of praise and love.

While man, ungrateful man, denies The God who fram'd both earth and skies. Sweet vocalists, your tender throats Swell with devotion's softest notes. At rosy dawn, at evening dim, Is sweetly heard the choral hymn. 'Tis Nature's warbled song of praise Which daily to her King she pays. Light zephyrs' wings the sound convey Through the wide fields of viewless air, And sweetly does the trilling lay

The great Creator's love declare.

O lead me not through Pleasure's halls, Where gorgeous splendor shines around: And take me not to midnight balls: My spirit sickens at the sound. But guide me where, beneath my feet, The mossy grass its carpet weaves; Some green romantic cool retreat, Where the light breeze scarce stirs the leaves. Such calm sequester'd walks as these, Where now with musing heart I tread, Beneath the shade of arching trees, There let my roving steps be led. Such scenes have power to raise the soul To Him whose all-discerning view At one short glance inspects the whole, And looks creation's kingdom through. The Eternal Sire, whose glories shine In all his forming hand has made, Whose matchless skill and power divine, In every creature are display'd—

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His shrine is yonder vast domain
Of earth and air, of sea and sky,
And far extends his boundless reign,
Through realms below, and realms on high.

When cold and still this bosom lies. And death has closed my languid eyes: When this frail body finds its home, Within the dark, the silent tomb: Nature, by His strong arm sustained Who all her varied laws ordained, Will still obey His sway divine, And rich in smiling beauties shine. Still will these fields in spring appear, Cloth'd with bright tints of vernal green, The rising primrose of the year. Still will adorn the rural scene. Yon sunny bank where thickly grow Tall blossom'd weeds and wild flowers sweet. Will then as rich in verdure glow, As when it did my vision greet. Seasons and years may glide away, But Nature still remains the same; You radiant orb whose genial rav Wakes far and wide life's latent flame. As richly will his lustre shed When these frail bones with dust unite. As now he gilds the scenes I tread, With ample streams of golden light.

Almighty God! whose wide control, The subject Universe obeys; Of Nature's world the life, the soul, Worthy of everlasting praise! Omnific King! whose sovereign hand,
Creation's lofty fabric rear'd;
At whose command sea, air, and land,
And you vast azure dome appear'd.
Thy ceaseless care sustains the whole,
And guards with never slumb'ring eye.
From the deep centre to the pole,
Each spot to thy regard is nigh.

But when thy energies divine No longer act on Nature's frame, You dazzling sun will cease to shine. And earth will feel destruction's flame. Creation then will pass away, To all-consuming fires a prey; Thy hand will light its funeral pyre, And bid its form in smoke expire. Yet 'mid that dread terrific blaze, The soul redeem'd its eye shall raise In humble confidence to Thee, Nor shrink a flaming world to see. The ethereal trumpet's awful roar Proclaiming "Time shall be no more," The thunder's peal, the light'ning flash, And Nature's last tremendous crash. Shall fail to shake his trusting heart Who knows in Christ he has a part. Be this my lot—without dismay To view the terrors of that day. O may I cast the world behind, The precious Pearl of Life to find, And combat all the powers of sin, The prize to gain, the crown to win. So shall my spirit reach the skies And live in bliss when nature dies.

# LINES WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAVES OF A BIBLE.

Not learning's stores can teach the heart How sin may be forgiven, They cannot to the soul impart A sense of peace with Heaven.

Though Science marks all things below,
And counts the stars above,
She ne'er can give the world to know
A Saviour's dying love.

'Tis this blest Book alone that tells
Where pard'ning grace is found,
And points where full salvation dwells
And sacred joys abound.

While life's contracted span endures, It cheers our darksome way, And after death rich bliss secures In realms of endless day.

#### A FANCY.

The following lines were occasioned by a stone, bearing a close resemblance to a cocoa nut, which had been picked up on Lowestoft Denes, having been brought to the heme of the Authoress. She was informed that it actually was a petrified cocoa nut, and under that impression the piece was written. The late Dawson Turner, Esq., of Yarmouth, having seen some of her poetry shortly after her death, was much interested, and on his wishing for her autograph the eriginal of this poem was placed at his disposal.

Speak, stony mass, thy fate disclose; Say where thy parent-tree arose: Upon what shore, what spot of earth, Its mystic germ first sprung to birth; Fann'd by the zephyr's balmy wing In regions of eternal spring, In what strange climate far away First didst thou catch the solar ray?

Was it in Afric's sunny land?
On spicy India's palmy strand?
Or where the air-perfuming breeze
Breathes o'er the isles of tropic seas,
The glitt'ring scenes of fruits and flowers,
Of orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
Where golden landscapes court the view—
Say, was it there thy blossom grew?

Perhaps, where some deep torrent's tide Rolled to the main its swelling pride, Beside whose darkly-shaded brink Lion and panther stooped to drink, 'Mid all the charms of southern plains, The bright equator's rich domains, Where fragrant forests scent the air—Perhaps thy growth was ripened there.

There didst thou greet the negro's eye, And bloomed beneath a cloudless sky; But since that bright, auspicious day Age after age has fled away!
Who can the hidden tale relate,
Or show the changes of thy fate?
Who tell how nature could transmute
To flinty stene thy balmy fruit?

Ah! never shall a mortal ear
The deep and dark disclosure hear;
In vain does restless fancy pry.
The secret mocks her eager eye.
He only knows whose matchless power
Formed thee at nature's primal hour;
And never shall a human mind
Thy dark enigma's answer find.

# TO A SAILOR.

Thy home is on the stormy deep!
The dark tempestuous sea,
With all its scenes of dire dismay,
Full well is known to thee.
Thine eye, familiar with the main,
Hath oft its rage defied,
When bellowing tempests roard around
And swell'd its heaving tide.

Thou hast the threat'ning storm outrode,
And stemm'd the mountain wave;
Where wild and fierce its waters roll'd,
O'er many a seaman's grave.
The booming surge's thundering voice
Hath sounded in thine ear,
When the hoarse billow's sullen roar
Portended danger near.

Oft hast thou seen the tempest cloud O'erhang the dark'ning sky, Oft has its bursting fury met Thy firm undaunted eye. Oft have the terrors of the deep Appear'd before thy view; But still I know thy fearless sight Hath caught its beauties too.

For beauty dwells in many a form
Along the watery plain,
And decks with thousand varied charms
The vast unbounded main.
When mildly fair the queen of night
Has left her ocean cave,
And from her silvery chariot thrown
A lustre o'er the wave.

When not a zephyr shook his wing,
Or kiss'd the glassy deep,
And trembling in the placid light
The surge seem'd hush'd asleep,
Hath not the calmness of that hour,
With tranquil beauty fraught,
Sooth'd every passion into rest,
And wrapped thy soul in thought?

Or when along the horizon's edge
There flam'd the rising day,
And golden beams of orient light
Chas'd night's dim shades away,
Hath not thy heart at such an hour
Aspired to Him whose reign
Spreads o'er creation's boundless field,
And curbs the boist'rous main?

That mighty God whose guardian care Hath oft preserv'd thy life, 'Mid the loud storm's resistless rage,
The tempest's fearful strife.
Was not the ocean's vast extent
An emblem of his love,
Which, like a deep unsearch'd abyss,
Confounds the hosts above?

More spacious than the azure dome
That spreads o'er land and sea,
His watchful Providence extends
And reaches e'en to thee.
His hand will screen thy naked head
In every threat'ning hour,
If still thy humble soul relies
Upon his love and power.

Or should his sovereign will decree
That thou should'st find a grave
Far from the spot where friends might weep,
Beneath the swelling wave,
Fear not the thought—thy ransom'd soul
To brighter worlds shall rise,
And spend a blest eternity
With angels in the skies.

# LOVE.

When o'er the boist'rous sea of life
The vengeful tempest's warring strife
In pealing accents roars on high,
And darkness robes with clouds the sky,
One star appears whose rays serene
Shed lustre on the frowning scene,
Flinging from far its brilliant light,
A pearl upon the zone of night.

Thrice happy they whose watchful eye Its peerless radiance can descry; From Heaven descends its glittering ray, Their spirits cheers and lights the way. Though hope itself be fast declining, It does not then withdraw its shining; Illuming still the arch above, Serenely bright—this star is Love.

# THE CHOSEN FLOWER,

Let others praise the tulip gay,
The violet, or the rose;
Or let them think the lily pale
The fairest flower that blows.
The primrose, hyacinth, and pink,
The sun-flower richly bright:
They all have charms, but there is one
More beauteous in my sight.

The snowdrop is my chosen flower,
The snowdrop mildly meek,
Which drooping bends its virgin head
Before the north wind bleak.
Emblem of modest innocence,
Of truth devoid of art;
Of spotless purity that clothes
The meek, the virtuous heart.

Though still along the cheerless plain
The blasts of winter sweep,
By threatening tempests undeterred,
It breaks its death-like sleep.

Like modest worth, in beauty's mould, It shows its lovely form, Regardless of the frowning skies, Or dark impending storm.

'Mid all the ruffling scenes of life,
O may I still retain
A mind as spotless as my flower,
A soul as free from stain.
Then, happier than the gaudy tribe
That tread in pleasure's way,
My peaceful hours shall glide along
Beneath contentment's sway.

# THE CHURCHYARD.

'Tis not upon the heathy moor,
Nor where the purling streamlets glide,
'Tis not upon the pebbly shore,
Nor on the green cliff's verdant side;
But where the mouldering Gothic fane,
In all its antique pride appears;
And towers above the neighboring plain,
A relic of departed years.

'Tis there that hallowed spot is found,
Where oft my steps delight to tread—
The lonely churchyard's sacred ground,
The sombre dwelling of the dead.
Ah! who can wander there and find
No sadly pleasing thoughts arise?
From earth it lifts the musing mind,
To realms that stretch beyond the skies.

Deep is the silence of that spot,
And deep the slumbers of the grave,
Life's phantom scenes are there forgot,
And plunged in dark oblivion's wave.
The mourner there forgets to sigh,
The voice of pain is hushed to rest,
No tears can wet the fast-closed eye,
No griefs upheave the moveless breast.

Awhile on earth may beauty bloom,
Awhile enchant the raptured sight;
Her roses sicken in the tomb,
There fades her lustre once so bright.
The sordid earth her lilies stains,
Blanched are her lips and glazed her eye,
No trace of loveliness remains,
But low in dust her honors lie.

Oh! chilling thought to human pride:

Though Honor's wreath our brows may crown,
Though on the wings of Fame we ride,
And soar in splendour and renown,
Yet soon the coffin's narrow space
Will all our high-swell'd pomp contain,
And not a remnant nor a trace
Of worldly state will then remain.

When the dark grave my bones receives,
My mem'ry soon may be forgot;
But shining midst their bright green leaves
May vernal flowers adorn the spot;
And oh! may they the thought convey,
As Spring each year renews their bloom,
That cloth'd in all the light of day
My soul has blossomed o'er the tomb.

## CLARA; OR, THE DREAM.

Where Scotland's barren hills are seen
Abruptly breaking on the view,
On whose bleak summit never green
There float dark wreaths of misty blue,
Fair as young Summer's op'ning rose,
The lovely Clara saw the light;
And all the charms that beauty shows,
Met in her aspect calmly bright.

The brilliant sapphire's azure ray
Shone in her soft yet beaming eye;
The orient blush of rising day
Could not her blooming cheek outvie.
The hue that clothes the chestnut's rind
Was seen upon her clust'ring hair,
Which fell in ample curls behind
And flowed upon her shoulders fair.

Yet though adorned with ev'ry grace
That wins the heart or charms the eye,
She turned from admiration's gaze,
And loved and sought obscurity.
Thus the coy violet hides its flower
Beneath some thicket's rustic shade,
Though meet to grace the garden bower,
Or sparkle on the dewy glade.

The gay pursuits of Pleasure's train

To her possessed no tempting power;

She loved to tread the heathy plain,

The mountain's side or forest bower.

The cat'ract's thunder roaring near
Awoke no terror in her mind;
She loved its echo'd peal to hear,
And music in the sound could find.

A martial youth, whose noble soul
With all a warrior's ardour glow'd,
But who at Truth's divine control
Before the shrine of Virtue bow'd,
Soon as young Clara caught his view,
Admired and loved the blushing maid,
Who, though so beauteous, never knew
The charms her blooming face displayed.

They met beside a craggy steep,
Whose arching brow sublimely frowned
And cast a shadow wide and deep
O'er the wild landscape stretched around.
Hushed was the gently-breathing gale,
And not a zephyr wandered nigh,
While there he told love's soothing tale,
And heard the fair one's soft reply.

A crimson blush o'erspread her cheek,
And mantling veiled her lovely brow;
Her winning aspect mildly meek
Beamed with affection's warmest glow.
And as his offered hand she prest,
And owned the force of love's appeal,
Such deep emotion filled her breast
As only tender hearts can feel.

And now across her cheerful sky
The sun of bliss diffused its ray,
Bright scenes of rapture filled her eye,
And Pleasure garlanded her way.

She did not know that Love's quick dart Hath oft a venomed dagger proved, And torn the wildly-throbbing heart With pangs that could not be removed.

At close of day the lonely pair
Beside the murm'ring Tweed would rove,
When Nature smiled serenely fair,
And vesper music filled the grove;
Or, guided by the moonbeam's ray,
They through the fields would slowly tread,
While time unheeded stole away,
And gliding hours more swiftly fied.

Ah, happy days! your tranquil flight
Brought woe, despair, and anguish keen;
Too soon your joys forsook their sight,
Too soon deep sorrow dimmed the scene.
Stern honor's voice like thunder pealed,
And called the gallant youth away,
Again to tread the crimson field,
And join in battle's dread array.

Vain was the grief that rack'd his breast,
And vain was sorrow's briny tide;
This mournful truth stood forth confest—
That pain to pleasure is allied.
Pale with dismay, and bath'd in tears,
The trembling Clara speechless stood;
While dark despair and boding fears
With chilling power congeal'd her blood.

Forbear, my muse, forbear to say, What anguish tore each bleeding heart, When dawn'd that inauspicious day,
That saw the weeping lovers part.
Led by the brave intrepid Moore
To bright Iberia's sunny plain,
The sorrowing warrior left the shore,
And plough'd the stormy wave again.

And now o'er Clara's gentle mind
The gloom of deep dejection stole;
The bitter cup to her assign'd,
With hopeless anguish fill'd her soul.
The shafts of sorrow pierc'd her heart
With pangs that spurn'd at all relief,
And earth could not one charm impart
To soothe her agony of grief.

No more she wander'd blithely gay
Along the steep hill's verdant brow;
No longer was she seen to stray
Across the plain that stretch'd below.
For he was gone whose cheerful voice
Had oft beguil'd their lonely way;
And fled were all her hopes and joys
And fading life's just rising ray.

Oft would the pensive maid recline
Beneath her arbour's leafy shade,
When day's bright orb had ceas'd to shine,
And twilight stillness hush'd the glade.
And then the horrors of the plain,
Where carnage waves the sword on high,
Where terror stalks o'er heaps of slain,
Would stretch before her mental eye.

O'er her young mind despondence crept,
And sternly blanch'd her damask cheek;
Thus by the piercing north wind swept,
Droops the pale snowdrop mildly meek.
Thus the gay roses' beauties die,
To early blight the hapless prey;
And thus along the ev'ning sky
A gliding meteor fades away.

From her pale face and sunken eye
The smiling charms of beauty fled;
Disease with rapid steps drew nigh,
And stretch'd her on a dying bed.
Art's healing skill brought no relief,
It could not turn the blow aside;
Her parents watch'd their child with grief,
While slowly ebbed life's sinking tide.

Lo, while in sleep her eyes are seal'd,
Ten thousand airy phantoms rise;
And on she treads the martial field,
And hears the dying soldiers' sighs.
Wide o'er the blood-stain'd battle ground,
Pale slaughter shakes his crimson'd spear;
While the loud cannon's murd'rous sound
Chills each bold heart with aching fear.

The combat ends—the artillery's roar
No longer peals across the plain;
The clash of arms is heard no more,
And war awhile resigns his reign.
Before the slumb'ring maiden's sight,
The scene of blood and war extends;
While gathering fast the gloom of night,
In misty shades and clouds descends,

But, hark! a low yet well-known sound
Is slowly wafted to her ear;
Amaz'd she casts a glance around,
And lo! her lover's form stands near.
Bare was his breast, all stained with blood,
And many a fearful wound it bore;
Beside her, phantom like, he stood,
Each feature hid by stiffen'd gore.

"O Clara!" thus his words found way,
"Ere to you unknown world I rise,
My form awhile on earth shall stay,
To greet once more thy longing eyes.
O dry those tears, thy grief restrain,
And check dark sorrow's swelling tide;
Though cold in death I press'd the plain,
Yet love the tyrant's power defied.

"The thought that last possess'd my heart,
Ere ceased its play, was spent on thee;
But why that strange and sudden start?
Indulge ne useless grief for me.
Oh! let thy tears be quickly dried,
And think that on the field of fame,
In England's glorious cause I died,
And dying strove to breathe thy name."

Roused by the anguish of her soul,

The trembling maiden starting woke,
With grief that knew of no control,
Her feeble frame convulsive shook.
Scarce would her falt'ring tongue consent
The mournful vision to relate:
A few more days on earth she spent,
And death's keen jav'lin seal'd her fate.

Ere her fond parents weeping round
Had ceas'd to shed the briny dew,
Full well with sorrowing hearts they found
That warning dream was all too true.
Amidst the brave heroic train
The valiant Moore to battle led,
On dark Corunna's blood-stain'd plain
The youthful warrior nobly bled.

His comrades dug his narrow grave,
And o'er him fired their farewell shot;
No bending willows near him wave,
No letter'd stone points out the spot.
The gentle Clara's ashes sleep
Beneath the kirkyard's mould'ring wall,
And many a bonnie lass doth weep,
And tears of pity there let fall.

## SONG OF THE NEGROES, on the 1st of august, 1838.

Shine richly bright, auspicious morn,
And bid the shades of darkness flee;
The san that gilds thy joyful dawn,
Beholds our captive race set free.
Fell Slavery and her hateful train
Retire before thy breaking light,
And stern oppression's fearful reign,
Ends with the parting gloom of night.

Long have we groan'd, in fetters bound, Beneath the tyrants' cruel sway; With anguish torn we bit the ground,
And inly curs'd our natal day.
But now no more the whip's sharp crack
Shall echo over hill and vale;
No more shall bleed the negro's back,
His groans no more disturb the gale.

O, Sire of all! our humble strain
Of grateful praise to Thee shall rise;
Thy word hath clos'd oppression's reign,
And low in dust the monster lies.
Guided by Thee, Britannia's hand
Hath struck the great decisive blow,
And ev'ry nation, ev'ry land,
Thy goodness and her deed shall know.

Ye passing gales, our song convey
Beyond the Atlantic's dark blue wave:
Bear it to regions far away,
To coasts which other oceans lave.
Ye hills, the gladsome notes retain,
Ye echoing rocks, prolong the sound,
Ye flying breezes, waft the strain
To every distant clime around.

Join in the lay, ye seraph choirs,
The lofty song of triumph raise,
And warble to your golden lyres,
The eternal King's immortal praise.
To every country far or nigh,
From isle to isle, from shore to shore,
O, let the glorious tidings fly,
"The negro is a slave no more."

# THE SEA THAT BEATS ON ALBION'S STRAND.

The sea that beats on Albion's strand,
I love to hear its roar,
When loudly breaking on the sand,
Its billows lash the shore;
When high ascends the foamy spray,
And clouds obscure the skies,
And o'er its breast in dire array,
The swift-wing'd tempest flies.

The sea that beats on Albion's strand,
I love its murm'ring sound,
When whisp'ring breezes, mild and bland,
Are softly breathing round.
'Tis then I love its voice to hear,
As wafted o'er the plain
It gently steals upon my ear,
Like music's soothing strain.

Oft when the sun has sunk from sight
Behind the western hill,
And Lowestoft bell \* rings eight at night,
And all around is still,
That distant murmur, borne along
The clear aerial way,
Seems to my ear like ocean's song,
The surges' vesper lay.

And when the deeper glooms of night Have veil'd the dusky plain, Or when the moon with tranquil light Is glitt'ring on the main,

<sup>\*</sup> The curfew bell is still rung at Lowestoft.

Then from my casement's quiet stand, I view the swelling deep, While stillness reigns on either hand, And nature falls asleep.

Oh! 'tis a sweetly pleasing hour,
With radiant beauty fraught—
So rich, so calm a scene has power
To steep the soul in thought:
On the smooth wave the moonbeam's light
Displays its brilliant shene;
The trembling lustre, mildly bright,
Like floating stars is seen.

Tis lovely, too, at break of day
When morning's rosy hand
Decks with rich hues the orient way,
To wander on the strand.
The smiling earth, the glowing sky,
The smooth unruffled main,
All pour their charms upon the eye,
And greet the sun again.

O take me not to tropic isles,

Those regions bright and fair,

Where nature wears perpetual smiles,

And spices scent the air.

Though on our strand bleak tempests roar,

And billows roll and swell,

On earth there is no happier shore,

Nor one I love so well.

The glitt'ring waves that proudly curl On India's palmy coast, Of golden sands, and rocks of pearl, And coral reefs may boast. Still holds, still guides you in your course, With secret, never-failing force.

Is there no gentle seraph nigh,
No bright-wing'd native of the sky,
Who oft your shining paths has trod,
Commissioned from the throne of God,
Whose voice in words divine will tell
What beings on your surface dwell?

Alas! no angel tongue replies; Silence still reigns along the skies. But when from this encumb'ring clay My mounting spirit soars away, Shall not my strengthen'd sight behold The glories your bright scenes unfold?

As through the realm of space unknown, I seek the dread eternal throne, Shall not each swift revolving sphere Before my wondering eye appear? Shall not I hear your orbs proclaim The praises of Jehovah's name?

And when your bright unnumbered train Shall cease to stud you asure plain, When your vast globes no more shall trace Their course along the fields of space, And all your spheres have ceased to shine, Unchanged existence shall be mine.

Ye stars! ye planets! when your light Is quenched in everlasting night, When heaven's expansion rolls away, May I unmoved the scene survey; O'er flaming worlds and systems rise, And join the chorus of the skies.

#### GREATNESS.

I stood beside the Victor's car,
While thousands shouted round;
His breast was decked with honor's star,
His brow with bays was crowned.
Fame's trumpet blast proclaimed him great,
And crowds looked up with awe,
As through the gorgeous pomp of state
His idol form they saw.

I viewed that chief when years had fled,
And lo! in death he slept;
His pride was mingled with the dead,
And for him none had wept.
Awhile the monumental bust
Preserved his deeds and fame;
But that soon mouldered in the dust,
And left him scarce a name.

I stood beside the Monarch's throne,
The envied seat of few;
The blaze of grandeur round him shone,
And glorious was the view.
I saw where bending courtiers knelt,
I trod the palace halls,
And thought that greatness surely dwelt
Within their gilded walls.

Again I looked—the monarch's head Was laid beneath the sod, And all his high-swelled pomp was fled Who once appeared a god. With aching heart I turned away; I saw 'twas all a dream, More transient than a meteor's stay, Or taper's dying gleam.

Oh, where, I asked, is greatness found—Greatness whose fadeless ray
Shall live with pristine lustre crown'd,
When time has passed away?
The lofty boast of regal power,
Or pride of wealth and fame,
'Tis but the creature of an hour—A shade, an empty name.

I stood where wailing captives sigh
In dungeons of despair,
Where tears fall fast from Sorrow's eye,
And Anguish rends her hair.
Lo! sudden light its lustre shed,
And cheered their darksome cells;
For Howard's steps had dared to tread
Where fettered misery dwells.

Dauntless he trod the path that guides
Where pale despondence reigns;
The damp abodes where woe resides,
And captives clank their chains.
I saw him wipe away the tear
That mourns the prisoner's fate,
And seraphs whispered in my ear,
"That Man is truly great."

I stood where Swartz \* his course pursued, On India's sunburnt coast,

<sup>\*</sup>The reference in this verse and in those that follow is to several well-known Missionaries.

And such renown in him I viewed
As grandeur ne'er can boast.
'Mid the dense gloom of Pagan night,
A star of hope he seemed;
A beacon fire whose radiant light
Through heathen darkness beamed.

I stood by Martyn's dying bed,
On Persia's sandy plains;
No friend sat watching near his head,
Or soothed disease's pains.
Yet in his eye a brighter glow
Of genuine triumph dwelt,
Than ever lit a hero's brow,
Or conqueror's bosom felt.

I looked on China's distant strand,
Where error taints the air;
Salvation's light illum'd the land,
For Morrison was there.
He wore not victory's laurel wreath,
He sat not on a throne,
Yet fame was his that mocked at death,
And glory round him shone.

Where Carey preached, my spirit flew,
I marked where Clarke had trod;
Their path was glorious in my view,
It led to heaven and God.
I saw how vain is earthly fame,
How empty worldly state;
And from the skies a voice there came,
"THE SAINT ALONE IS GREAT.

#### THE AUTUMN EVENING.

Now bleakly sweeps the chilling blast With blighting fury o'er the plain, And dying leaves are falling fast, As wrecks of summer's faded reign.

No more along the garden walk
Fair Flora scatters beauty round;
Each flower hangs drooping on its stalk,
And wither'd petals strew the ground.

As sinking in the western sky
The setting sun retires to rest,
I gaze around with pensive eye,
And thoughtful sadness fills my breast.

Fled are bright summer's sunny hours,
Faded the beauties of the year;
O'er the bare landscape blackness lowers,
And wailing breezes greet the ear.

From yonder grove no trilling lay
Its echoed sweetness pours along;
No warbler sings the dirge of day,
Or tunes to night her wakeful song.

The whisp'ring zephyr sheds no more
Its balmy fragrance o'er my path,
And nature's bloom, so rich before,
Has vanished from the face of earth.

Thus from a streamlet's glassy brink,
A glitt'ring bubble glides away;
Thus mildly calm are seen to sink
The glories of expiring day.

Thus borne from view by time's swift flight, My childhood's blithesome hours have fled; Life's early prime with pleasure bright, When fancy on enjoyments fed.

Hark! like a spoiler, swell'd with wrath, Sweeps through the grove the rushing blast; Strews with dead leaves its cheerless path, And drives with ruthless fury past.

Like that bare grove my life appears, Stript of the joys that childhood knew; The bliss that crowned my infant years, Like autumn leaves, has fled from view.

Yon faded wood will smile again, Clothed by young spring with emerald green; Flowers will adorn yon heathy plain, And vernal beauties deck the scene.

But, ah! the bloom of life's first prime, Not circling suns can e'er bring back; The widely sweeping wing of time Has strewn its wrecks on memory's track.

'Twas then earth's scenes seem'd fair and new, And fancy roam'd through fields of bliss, And hope's bright visions met the view, Too lovely for a world like this.

Calm tranquil season of delight,
When sorrow rarely marked my way;
Such days no more shall greet my sight,
Their transient hours are fled for aye.

As night's fast deep'ning shades have spread Their sable mantle o'er the plain, So gath'ring years a gloom have shed On dreaming fancy's airy reign.

I hear a mournful sound abroad, In solemn cadence stealing by, While murm'ring winds in fierce accord, Their hoarse-toned voices lift on high.

Borne on the pinions of the gale,
Thy sad farewell, O dying year,
Is wafted down the lonely vale,
And pours its accents on my ear.

And, hark! the snow-rob'd monarch's car Wheels slowly from the polar land, And onward, travelling from afar, Is touching on Britannia's strand.

Ah, shivering king! thy icy sway
Awhile may bind the frozen plain,
Thy misty glooms will blot the day,
And earth look sad beneath thy reign.

But spring will come, and joy and bloom Again on nature's face will glow; Bright flowers will shed a rich perfume, And life-inspiring breezes blow.

Thus transient is each season's stay,

Thus swiftly flies the changing year,

Thus time's broad stream rolls fast away,

And brings eternal ages near.

Oh! when life's wintry hours are past, On me may spring perennial shine, And deck'd with charms that e'er shall last, Unceasing bloom in realms divine.

## THE STREAM OF TIME.

On seeing a chronological representation of the Stream of Time at Mr. Greathead's Academy, Lowestoft.

Impetuous tide! thou dost not spring
From earth's rent rocks, or secret caves,
Where ebon shades their mantle fling
O'er the young river's infant waves.
Thy urn was filled by hands divine,
When this vast globe began to be;
Thy birth-place is Jehovah's shrine,
Thy fountain is eternity.

The mists of dark oblivion spread
Their shadows o'er thy early course,
Save where the Hebrew sage has shed
The light that marks thy sacred source—
That ray from mercy's cloudless sun,
To wretched man in pity given,
Which shows him, when thy race begun,
Its starting point was fix'd in heaven.

The wrecks of honour, power, and fame
Float on thy surface, mighty stream!
With many a hero's warlike name,
Of ancient bards the high-swell'd theme.
Thy sweeping progress nought can stay;
Distinction's boast, and learning's pride,
Alike thy current bears away,
And whelms beneath its foaming tide.

Ah! where are they whose daring hands
Rear'd the proud pyramid on high,
And strew'd on Luxor's barren sands,
The emblems of their majesty?
From age to age their works have stood,
With pristine antique grandeur crown'd,
While plunged beneath thy swelling flood,
Their artists' names no more are found.

And she who held imperial sway
O'er the bright regions of the East,
Whose giant rampart's vast array
Ne'er trembled till Belshazzar's feast,
Before thy surge's ceaseless flow
Was swept from off the Chaldean plains,
In sordid dust she grovels low,
And nought of all her pride remains.

Engulphing tide! thy ruthless ire
Bade Persia's greatness melt away;
On Tyre thou pour'dst destruction dire,
And fallen Carthage is thy prey.
Sad Athens wails her glories fled,
Lost in thy vortex, whirling stream;
And humbled Rome declines her head,
And owns her grandeur all a dream.

Yes! Rome, proud mistress of the world,
The lightning of whose eagle eye,
On many a kingdom vengeance hurl'd,
And bade the might of empires die,
Fail'd to endure thy sweeping wrath,
And sunk to soar in power no more,
Fell ruin rush'd across her path,
And from her brow the laurel tore.

Proud conquest's bays, the spoils of war,
Which once the sons of victory crown'd,
And fame's bright wreath and triumph's car,
Beneath thy boist'rous waves are drown'd.
The fiery chiefs who shook the world
With trembling terror's wild alarms,
Sheath'd are their swords, their banners furl'd,
And hush'd the clangor of their arms.

They sleep in death; their glory's blaze,
Quench'd in thy flood, has ceased to shed
On earth its evanescent rays,
Nor longer fills mankind with dread.
The pride of Philip's conquering son,
Mild Scipio's fame and Cæsar's might,
Awhile like flashing meteors shone,
Then fading sunk, and passed from sight.

Yet though the loftiest boast of power
Has quailed before thy vengeful sweep,
And like some trifle of an hour,
Is wrapped in dim oblivion's sleep,
Genius doth o'er thy surges ride,
Regardless of their frowning rage,
Defies thy torrents, wrathful tide,
And lives through each succeeding age.

Greatness diminished, melts away
Before thy dark resistless waves,
Nor leaves behind one glimmering ray
To mark its fallen owners' graves.
But o'er the wrecks of wealth and fame,
Genius her lofty head uprears;
Adorned with light and crowned with flame,
She triumphs o'er departed years.

G

Roll on! roll on! resistless stream,
Pursue thy wild uncheck'd career;
Soon wilt thou end our being's dream,
And bring eternal ages near.
With haste untiring speed thee on,
Till He from whom thy torrent came
Shall loud proclaim thine errand done,
And kindle nature's funeral flame.

#### - OHE-

Pieces written at the Age of Nineteen.

### THE WINTER DAISIES.

Meek offspring of the infant year!
Why dared your weak and fragile forms
On earth's cold surface to appear,
'Mid the bleak whirl of angry storms?
Why stay'd ye not till vernal bloom
On Nature's scenes soft beauty shed,
And freezing blasts and wintry gloom
Back to their northern caves had fled?

Your tender petals, mildly pale,
Unfolded 'neath a darken'd sky;
While fierce and keen the northern gale
In sullen fury murmur'd by.
No songster carolled in the air,
No verdure decked the naked plain;
But Nature mourned, disrobed and bare,
Beneath dark Winter's cheerless reign.

Pure as the snow-flake's stainless hue, Your silvery blossoms met the sight; Unfostered by the pearly dew,
Their modest beauties sprung to light.
While chilling blasts and tempests wild
With sweeping vengeance roared around,
Your op'ning buds screnely smiled,
And heeded not their wrathful sound.

Sweet flowers, it was a hand Divine
That called your germen into life,
And caused your tender charms to shine
And bloom 'mid elemental strife.
Oh! while my being's hours endure,
May that same hand my guardian be,
And to my soul the bliss secure
That lives throughout eternity.

#### FLOWERS.

There's beauty in the midnight scene,
When stars are in the sky,
And bathed in Cynthia's silvery beams
The landscape seems to lie.
Oh ('tis a sweetly-pleasing hour
With tranquil beauty fraught,
And e'er the raptured soul it spreads
The charm of tender thought.

There's beauty on the midnight deep
When o'er its rippling breast
The light-winged zephyr softly flies,
And lulls its waves to rest.
'Tis soothing then to rove alone
Beside the ocean shore,
While slumb'ring on the silent strand
The surge forgets to roar.

But most there's beauty on the earth
When Flora's tribes appear,
And deck with bright and varied charms
The aspect of the year;
When the pale snowdrop's stainless flower
Its virgin petals shows,
Or radiant as the crimson dawn
The rose of summer blows.

Say not that treasures only lie
Deep in the sparkling mine;
The fairest gems that earth can boast
Upon her surface shine.
Say not that beauty only dwells
Upon the youthful brow;
Its richest bloom, its fairest charms,
In op'ning flowerets grow.

Decked with the rainbow's brightest tints
They steal upon the eye,
And to the raptured vision seem
Like wanderers from the sky.
Faint remnants are they of that bloom
Which glowed in Eden's bowers,
When with celestial charms they shone
In man's unsinning hours.

The virgin lily's modest form,
The violet mildly meek,
Of innocence and blushing worth,
And shrinking sweetness speak.
Bright glory's blaze in emblem shown
Upon the sun-flower dwells;
While drooping sorrow's pensive tale
The sad Narcissus tells.

The pansy, hyacinth, and pink,
The crocus and the rose,
To each a lovely charm belongs,
And each with beauty glows.
Proudly the tulip rears her head,
With queen-like lustre crowned;
While humble as the turf it decks
The daisy courts the ground.

Let not the meed of sober praise
To Art alone be given;
The flowery tribes can charm the sense
And yet direct to Heaven.
They tell of Him whose reign extends
Far o'er Creation's field,
To whom all Nature's varied tribes
Unceasing homage yield.

He formed the earth, he poised the sun Amid the void of space,
And bade the brilliant starry train
Describe their mighty race.
Yet, while unnumbered worlds attest
The vastness of His power,
He stoops to mark, defend, and guard
The petals of a flower.

## THE WHITE ROSE.

#### TO A FRIEND.

My friend! along the garden walk
I seek a flower for thee,
A blossom spotless, pure, and pale,
Which shall thy emblem be.

And one there is, whose smiling form With virgin lustre glows, Fairest of Flora's lovely train, The sweet and snowy rose.

When in bright summer's sunny hours,
Its op'ning petals blow,
Oh! let its beauteous flowers be wreath'd
In garlands round thy brow;
Richer than vict'ry's laurel crown
That stainless wreath shall be,
Emblem of innocence and worth,
A chaplet worthy thee.

Alas! 'twill fade, its smiling bloom
Will wither and decay,
And like the vision of an hour
Will swiftly die away.
But when yon sun is quench'd in night,
And stars have ceas'd to shine,
A bright, a never-fading crown
Of glory shall be thine.

## "FANCY, FAREWELL"

Fancy, farewell! thy airy sway
No more shall tempt my mind astray;
No more through viewless landscapes led,
My soul thy flow'ry paths shall tread;
No more thy visions gay and bright
Shall thickly float before my sight;
No more thy impulse shall inspire
The breathings of a feeble lyre,

Go, wand'ring nymph, thy reign is o'er, My soul shall bow to thee no more; Spread thy light pinions, soar away, Why should I court thy longer stay?

High on the mind's immortal throne,
Reason! thy lofty sway I own.
Offspring of heaven, light divine,
In splendor on my spirit shine;
Oh! guide me o'er Creation's plain,
Far as extends Jehovah's reign;
Teach me to gaze with thoughtful eye
On the broad arches of the sky,
Above, around, in all to see
The forming hand of Deity,
And reverence His eternal name
Who fashion'd Nature's wondrous frame.

## FRIENDSHIP.

Dark are the dreary skies of life,
And oft in dire array
The frowning tempest's stormy strife
Across them wings its way.
But 'midst the gloom a light appears,
Which sheds a sacred gleam;
A star that guides, a ray that cheers,
'Tis Friendship's holy beam.

Drear is the wilderness of earth, Where thistles spring around; And yet beside its barren path, One radiant flower is found. 'Tis Friendship: seek its smiling form In hours of darkest gloom; For 'midst the roarings of the storm, It shows its richest bloom.

Go to the cool and shady grove,

The lone romantic bower;

Where friend with friend together rove,
At ev'ning's silent hour.

There may affection's voice be heard
In accents soft and low,

While feeling dwells on every word, And lights the beaming brow.

In seats of wealth, in halls of pride,
It rarely greets the ear;
And monarchs oft have vainly sighed,
Its tender tones to hear.
It shuns where grandeur holds her reign,
With gorgeous splendor crowned;
But sweetly does its seraph strain
By cottage firesides sound.

Sweet as the linnet's warbled song,
At rosy break of day,
That gentle whisper steals along,
Like music's soothing lay.
When swells the breast with pangs of grief,
Its kind consoling sound
Gives to the aching heart relief,
And scatters comfort round.

'Tis Friendship on the clouds of care, Hope's radiant iris throws; Bids smiles on sorrow's face appear, And soothes the mourner's woes. It watches o'er the suffering bed, With love that never tires, Strives the soft balm of ease to shed, And fans life's dying fires.

Oh, thou who waked this worthless strain,
May Friendship pure be thine;
Above thy path in days of pain,
Oh, may its lustre shine.
And through life's dark and troubled hour,
Oh, may it greet thy view;
A guiding star, a blooming flower,
A comfort ever new.

#### MUSINGS.

I tread not on Parnassus' hill,
Nor quaff the Heliconian stream,
Yet oft my rising breast will thrill
With many a wild poetic dream.
A cloud, a star, an op'ning flower,
The blaze of day, the gloom of night,
Will soothe my soul with pleasing power,
And fill my mind with fond delight.

I measure not the starry plain,
Nor span the arches of the sky;
Yet on the bright celestial train,
Full oft I bend a raptur'd eye.
Full oft amid their shining throng
The voice of praise methinks I hear,
Like some exalted seraph strain
Pouring its tones on fancy's ear.

Nature! I love to gaze on thee,
In earth below or skies above;
Oh, may thy Maker grant to me
An eye to see, a heart to love,
The num'rous beauties thou dost show,
Along creation's far-stretch'd field,
And sink my humbled spirit low,
Till all my heart to Him I yield.

## "THERE REMAINETH A REST UNTO THE PEOPLE OF GOD."

When anguish swells the throbbing heart,
Or sickness wears the sinking frame;
When earthly comforts all depart,
And pleasure seems an empty name;
In that black hour of pain and grief,

In that black hour of pain and grief,
When all is dark and sad around,
A sacred voice which gives relief,
Salutes the ear with balmy sound.

Eternal truth unveils the skies,
And brings celestial joys to view,
And to the mourning spirit cries
"A holy rest remains for you."

Beyond the damp and darksome tomb, Beyond this shadowy vale of tears, The Christian's bright eternal home, The land of peace and love appears.

There shall affliction's reign be o'er,
And cares shall cease to rend the breast;
There sorrow shall be felt no more,
And toil be changed for endless rest.

Oh, cheering thought! while life remains,
Though dark and rough our thorny way,
If still the soul this hope retains,
All anxious fears shall fade away.

And when the feeble pulse is low,
And life's red stream is ebbing fast,
The saint releas'd from all below,
Shall soar to that eternal rest.

#### THE AEROLITE.

Thou portion of a shatter'd globe,
Thou wanderer from afar,
Who once with thousand fragments more
Didst form a distant star.

What was the dire eruptive shock
That rent thy parent world?
And what unknown impulsive force
On earth thy substance hurl'd?

Along the wide and drear abyss,
The mighty field of space,
From star to star, from world to world,
Thou urg'dst thy rapid race,

Till on our distant earthly globe,
Thy stranger form was cast;
Here did thy lengthen'd travels end,
And thou didst rest at last.

How did thy shiver'd planet form New orbs to deck the sky, Which still in mazy course pursue, Their circling race on high?

Oh, vain demand! nor voice nor sound, From thee shall e'er proceed, Nor ever upon learning's page, Shall we thy history read.

#### HYMN TO THE DEITY.\*

"Thy vows are upon me, O God: I will render praises unto Thee."—Psalm lvi, 12.

Thou great Supreme! Thou God of all
That lives in earth, or air, or sea;
Low at thy feet my soul would fall,
And offer all its powers to Thee.
Creation's dread Almighty Sire,
From whom my breath my being came,
To Thee I fain would raise the lyre,
And render praises to Thy name.

Thy goodness, from my earliest days,
Has been my sure unfailing guide,
Taught me to tread in wisdom's ways,
And shun the walks of vice and pride.
Thy spirit caused my youthful heart
From sin's alluring snares to flee,
Bade me from empty joys depart,
To seek delight and bliss in Thee.

<sup>\*</sup> This piece was the last composed by the authoress, and is left unfinished.

In Thee I found that sacred peace,
Which soothes the troubled thoughts to rest,
Bids the wild storm of passion cease,
And stills the tumult of the breast.
Thy tender look, Thy smile benign,
Caused pensive sorrow to depart,
And bade serenity divine
Compose my soul and sway my heart.

For this through all life's chequer'd hours,
My grateful heart shall hymn Thy praise;
To Thee my soul with all her powers
Devotion's ceaseless song shall raise.
O could I emulate the choir
Of flaming seraphim above,
And warble to an angel lyre
The strains of rapture, awe, and love!

When blushing morning first appears,
And Nature hails the op'ning day,
And parting night leaves dewy tears
On ev'ry bending flower and spray—
Borne on the airy wing of thought,
To Thee, O Lord, my soul would soar,
While the bright scene with beauty fraught,
Shall teach my spirit to adore.

At that still hour I love to rove
Where solitude and silence dwell,
Amid the cool secluded grove,
Where warbling birds their rapture tell.
Each sight, each sound, my heart uplifts
To Thee the Monarch of the skies,
Who show'rst on man thy bounteous gifts,
And every creature's need supplies.

Nor less when day's departing light
Is fading from the dusky lea,
And steals along th' approaching night—
Father, Thy guardian care we see.
Thy hand directs the orb of day
Across the azure arch on high,
Until he shoots his farewell ray,
And sinks beneath the western sky.

And when the pomp of gorgeous clouds
Along the red horizon streams,
And twilight dim the scene enshrouds,
And eve's bright star emits her beams
Parent of all! my thoughts aspire
To Thee by whom the light was given,
Which shines in every starry fire
Along the radiant brow of Heav'n.

Night's placid queen serenely fair
Attests thy wisdom, love, and power.
The silence of the midnight air,
The calmness of that solemn hour,
When not a zephyr wanders nigh,
Is eloquent in praise of Thee,
And brightly on the star-lit sky,
Thy glory in Thy works we see.

Each rolling orb that wheels its course,
Across the azure fields above,
Impell'd by thee with ceaseless force,
Reveals thy goodness, and thy love.
You distant stars with twinkling rays,
In homage to their Maker shine,
And planets glow, and comets blaze
Declaring still Thou art Divine.

The gliding stream, the flowery plain,
The lofty hill and shaggy wood,
Where joy and laughing pleasures reign,
Aloud proclaim Jehovah good.

THE END.







